THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA ELWOOD.

Father! in anguish I now kneel to Thee,
Oh look upon me with a pitying eye,
For he, the boy I have so fondly loved,
Is now, oh God! is now about to die.
Forgive me that I cannot give him up,
That yet I cannot say, "Thy will be done,"
For I am daughterless—a widow, too—
And he the dying is my only son.

Father! forsake me not, I am Thy child—
Long years ere this I sealed myself to Thee,
Trusting to find when storms and tempests came,
That Thou wouldst be a rock to shelter me.
Say has my trust been vain? Is my frail bark
Suffered to brave alone this angry wave?
If so, like Peter, fearful I exclaim,
Lord! I must perish if Thou wilt not save!

But even now a calm steals o'er my soul,
Oh can it be that Thou art drawing nigh?
It is, it must be so! Father I feel
Now willing that my little one should die.
Thy presence has dispelled the dark despair
That seiz'd mine inmost soul, when those dread words
"He cannot live," first fell upon my ear,
Piercing my heart like many edged swords.

And now I am at peace, contented, calm—
Ready to part with him, my all, for Thee;
But oh, my Father! there is yet one wish
I fain would breathe to Thee on bended knee.
I am a mother, with a mother's heart,
And I would offer up this prayer, that he,
The dying, may not suffer pain in death,
Lest this sweet calm I feel abandon me.

He sleeps, my prayer has hush'd him into rest,
Oh can it be his time has not yet come?
They told me if he slept all night he'd well,
Father! is he still spared to glad my home?
I'll take his pallid little hand in mine,
For oh methinks the weak pulse is grown strong;
The joy, the rapture I now feel 'tis sweet—
To speak my gratitude, oh God! I long.

But oh, this hand is cold, 'tis icy cold,
No pulse is here, if this be sleep 'tis strange,
But oh how beautiful, how like himself,
And on his marble brow there is no change.
I trembling place my heart, my lips to his,
But wait in vain an answering thrill, a breath—
What doth it mean? It bursts upon me now—
Father! "Thy will be done," he sleeps in death!

January 1st, 1848.

Original Tales.

THE UNKNOWN LOVER.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FROM THE FRENCH OF JACOB,
BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Madame Bontemps, wife of the first *valet de chambre* to the king, had been for some time a widow, without regretting her condition.

She was considered charming, nay adorable. A skin of surpassing whiteness, sparkling brown eyes, a small mouth, always smiling to display her pearly teeth, a slender waist, a full round form, limbs of the most perfect model, a foot like Cinderella's—such were the charms that were united in the person of this young and beautiful widow.

She was not yet thirty years of age, but proof against the temptations of love, and the seductive flatteries of her admirers, she had succeeded in closing her doors against a crowd of suitors, who paid their court to her for an object more or less interested, and declared plainly that she had abjured both love and marriage.

There was one gallant, however, who persisted in his designs, a certain Balthasar de Candal, a second cousin of the widow's, captain in a regiment of the French Guards, a dissolute fellow, ruined by debts and debauchery, capable of everything except a good thought or a good action. Immediately after the decease of M. Bontemps, he had offered himself as his successor, and had invited somewhat prematurely to the wedding, his fellow officers, the companions of his revels. The scornful refusals of his cousin did not shake him in his project, and without improving in his habits, he persevered with military rudeness in his pursuit, although Madame Bontemps, to rid herself of this importunate suitor, had forbidden him admission into her house. Whenever revel and gaming left him time, M. de Candal presented himself at her doors, but it was all in vain; he flew into a passion, threatened the porter and the servants, grew cool again, swore to espouse her whether she would or no, and then repaired to the gaming table or the tavern.

In 1767 the opera was, as at present, the diversion most in fashion, and Madame Bontemps often visited it.

One evening, at the moment when she left her box, the crowd which poured from the corridors and stairways, separated her from her lackey, and bore her onward with such violence as to cause her no little alarm; but her terror became greatly increased at the sight of a hideous face which seemed to have its eyes riveted upon her. This personage, however, was neither lame nor hump-backed, and his embroidered habit with its diamond buttons, showed that he had been treated more kindly by fortune than by nature. The small pox had furrowed and disfigured his gross, pale visage; a mouth without lips yawned beneath the place of an absent nose, and two red semicircles supplied his lost eyebrows; hair of the color of brick, surmounted a forehead seamed with a purple scar.

Madame Bontemps was near swooning at this apparition which stood motionless before her; almost stifled by the crowd, she uttered a cry, when, as if by enchantment, the throng which pressed against her was repulsed and borne backward, and she was enabled to rejoin her lackey, who escorted her to her carriage. Although the frightful visage had disappeared, yet she turned her head more than once in terror, but without perceiving this man, whose fearful image was stamped upon her remembrance—was it to be wondered that she dreamed of him for two nights?

She had entirely forgotten her adventure at the opera, when she received, by the post, a note for two thousand crowns, payable to the bearer, enclosed in a letter of the following purport:

"Madame, to have seen you is at once the greatest happiness and the greatest misfortune of my life, since I am doomed never to know you, lest I should incur your hatred. But henceforth I cannot live without seeing you; I shall follow you like an invisible genius, and all the joy that I can hope for here below will be from you alone. Have the great kindness to visit the opera as often as possible, and cast a glance of pity upon the orchestra as soon as you enter; this glance, however rapid and indifferent, will fill me with transport, and I will endeavor to content myself with it. The toilette adds greatly to female beauty; I shall be interested in everything which may enhance yours, and I will persuade myself that you belong to me; it is to aid this illusion that I beg you to accept two thousand crowns which I will transmit to you every month, as a token of my gratitude for the favor which you will render me.

"With undying attachment, I have the honor to be your most tender and devoted servant,

"THE CHEVALIER DE VERTUMNE."

Madame Bontemps was indignant at the receipt of this strange epistle, and but for the note which accompanied it, she would have accused M. de Candal of being its author. But the two thousand crowns were a sufficient proof that this contemplative lover was in earnest, and proposed a treaty of the most equivocal nature. She considered it as an attack upon her reputation, and attributed it to her discarded lovers, who thus avenged themselves of her coldness by preparing for her a snare; she placed the letter and the money in the hands of M. de Sartines, the lieutenant of the police, and gave great publicity to the insult, in order to obtain a striking reparation.

Still Madame Bontemps did not fail to frequent the opera, and her eyes glanced involuntarily towards the orchestra, in order to scrutinize those faces which, however, gave her no information as to the object of her search; on one occasion only she caught a glimpse, as she thought of the hideous Unknown, with embroidered habit and diamond buttons; but she had scarcely glanced upon him when he disappeared. Since this adventure, which was noised abroad through all Paris, Madame Bontemps became more circumspect in her conduct; she kept herself aloof from the few male friends whom she had hitherto preserved; and she allowed no one to enter her box at the opera, where she appeared dressed with great elegance and taste.

At the end of the month she received a second letter from the Chevalier de Vertumne, who reproached her tenderly for having injured her reputation by a step which had caused so needless scandal; he thanked her for having minutely observed his wishes, the only ones which he ventured to form, and he begged her to continue her favors. Ten thousand crowns accompanied this request, which was expressed in terms of the most timid politeness. Two lines at the end of the letter as postscript, requested her to think of *a certain person* every evening upon retiring to bed. On this occasion she tore the letter, and put the money in her portfolio.

One evening on returning from the Royal Academy of Music, her lackey had stopped at a tavern, and the coachman, half drunk, urged his horses to a gallop, and at hap-hazard. Madame Bontemps, who was covered with jewels, did not observe that they were driving through the deserted streets which border upon the Champs-Elysées, and that the lamps of the carriage scarcely lighted the way in the gloomy December night; she mused upon the triumphs which her beauty had obtained over all her rivals, and enumerated her conquests; the echo of the music still sounded in her soul, and with all her senses still captive, she called up in her imagination, a handsome, mysterious young man in the orchestra, now dark, now fair, sighing, pallid, trembling, with his eyes fixed upon her.

Suddenly, a harsh voice cries to the coachman "Stop!" The coachman lashes his horses, but the carriage remains motionless. "Madame, they are robbers!" he said, in a lamentable tone. In an instant the door was thrown open, two armed hands appeared, and two coarse faces, distorted by a malicious laugh, were seen grinning by the reflection of their poignards.

"Wretches! cowards! would you attack a woman?" exclaimed a passer by, who had drawn his sword, and was now thrusting at the assailants.

The clash of steel lasted but for a moment; the heavy fall of two bodies and deep groans announced the conclusion of a fatal combat. Madame Bontemps, who was on the point of swooning, leaned out at the window, and beheld a dead man and another stretched wounded upon the pavement; but her deliverer had fled, as promptly as the third assailant, who held the heads of the horses. The coachman, still pale with affright, said that at the moment when the robbers had stopped the carriage, a man had attacked them so suddenly that they had not time to defend themselves. Madame Bontemps naturally attributed her rescue to the Chevalier de Vertumne, and she was surprised that he did not find the present a favorable occasion for laying aside his incognito. Her vanity was not less piqued than her curiosity.

She did not destroy the third letter which she received, but read it repeatedly with considerable emotion.

She then for the first time asked herself the cause of this mystery. To judge from the richness of his gifts, and the style of his epistles, this, so called, Chevalier de Vertumne must be a man of quality; but if he were in possession of youth, fortune and rank, why choose so singular an expedient at the risk of being misjudged and repulsed at the outset. As to the conditions necessary to a lover, such as wit and beauty, she conferred them upon him most liberally, and she would sooner have imagined him the son of a hangman or an assassin, than to have attributed to him features that were vulgar or displeasing; she loved him already as though he were a deity, concealed in the clouds. Still she was obliged to keep a sentinel at her door, both night and day, to secure herself against her indefatigable cousin of the French Guards.

She made it a point to attend every representation at the opera, and invariably to cast a kind glance at the orchestra; at times, she even forgot the opera and the ballet to abandon herself to her reveries; a charming phantom appeared incessantly before her, a phantom which she had conjured up with all the qualities which could embellish a being, unhappily merely ideal. It was a contest of love and prudery: but love was sure to gain the predominance as soon as the Chevalier de Vertumne should appear in person to decide the victory.

One morning, while Madame Bontemps was reading the last letter from her chevalier, a notary entered her boudoir, followed by a clerk and an advocate; they were all dressed in black, as if for a funeral, all were still more melancholy in mien and visage. Since the loss of her husband, who had left a fortune somewhat impaired and embarrassed by an endless law-suit, she had confided in the skill of her lawyers, and had not even listened to the echo of the judicial proceedings, which were to decide a cause of such importance to her.

"Madame," said the notary, with the polite and oratorical preliminaries, which generally precede the announcement of unpleasant tidings, "alas, madame! these gentlemen and myself have just come from the *Palais*, where your suit has been decided before the upper chamber."

"Well, sir," interrupted Madame Bontemps, wearied with these details of chicanery, "speak of these things to my intendant."

"Alas, madame," replied the notary, in a still more pitiable tone, "you have lost your suit without recourse or appeal, with damages and interest, the whole amounting to three hundred thousand crowns, to meet which, it will be necessary to sell your chateau of Maubois, your lands in Normandy, your house in the city, nay, even your furniture and jewels."

"What, sir? it is impossible!" cried the widow, stupified and trembling. "M. Bontemps left me, at his death, an income of more than fifty thousand livres, without including the pensions due from the royal treasury, and within less than two years, I have lost all—"

"I am distressed, madame," replied the notary, "but the truth is, that when all expenses are paid, there will remain little or nothing of your fortune, for your real estate cannot be sold to advantage, under legal process, and the expenses already amount to a large sum."

"The lackey of the Chevalier de Vertumne, desires to be admitted to madame's presence at once," said a valet who now entered.

In Madame Bontemps's critical situation, she could not fail to look upon a message from her guardian angel as a good omen; she at once gave admittance to the lackey, who was clothed in black livery; he held in his hands a rich casket of perfumed wood, bordered with steel, and so heavy that she nearly dropped it as she received it. This casket, which she opened with anxious hope, was filled with *rouleaux* of louis and with notes upon the Hotel de Ville. She blushed at the sight of this treasure thus offered her, hesitated for a moment on account of the presence of witnesses, and at last resolved to read a letter which the casket contained, bearing her address, and in a hand with which she was well acquainted.

"Madame, I have just learned the decision which the upper chamber has rendered against you; I have thought this a good occasion to prove to you who are your friends. I will acknowledge that I was tempted to appear in person, in order to place at your feet all that I possess, but I feared lest my presence might prevent you from receiving—I will not say a gift, a loan, but alas! a debt that I contracted when I attached myself to you, and consecrated my miserable life to your service. Pardon me for my foolish illusions; they are the only happiness to which I can lay claim. I have hoped that you might give to me a thought in which hatred has no part; I have hoped that your eyes might seek me perhaps—oh, may they never encounter me, for then nothing would remain for me, but to die of grief, for all harmony between our hearts would be broken. I must confine my wishes to seeing you without being seen, to loving you without being loved; yet remember, that wherever you are, there I am; remember that my blood is ready to flow, whenever you command it.

"YOUR CHEVALIER."

The lackey, in obedience doubtless to his master's orders, had disappeared, while Madame Bontemps, with tears in her eyes, and emotion in her heart, finished reading the letter. She then ran to the window, and beheld a plain black carriage, dash down the street, at full speed; she returned, and seated herself, wiping away the tears which joy and gratitude had forced from her eyes.

"Messieurs," she said, with an air of indifference, addressing the individuals who were waiting in respectful silence for her answer, "I do not see the necessity of selling my lands and my hotel—I will keep my jewels, if you please; draw up the amount of my debts; I have sent for this money to satisfy the claims of my creditors. As to the lost suit, I will not resume it, and I will direct my intendant to liquidate all claims upon my fortune."

After this striking proof of devotion, the Chevalier de Vertumne held himself aloof, although gratitude would have supplied the place of love in the heart of Madame Bontemps, and the beautiful widow would have accepted the six hundred thousand livres, as the anticipated dowry of a future marriage.

One evening, after returning from the opera, where her glances had carefully scanned the spectators in the orchestra, she hastened to throw aside her feathers, her laces, her rich dress, and dismissed her women, in order to enjoy a *tete a tete* with her invisible lover, before seeking in sleep the dreams which supplied his place.

She was in the habit every evening of writing to him whom she knew only by his signal services, and his enigmatical letters. The pen is bolder than the tongue, and besides, this correspondence would never reach the person addressed, this correspondence, which grew daily more familiar, more affectionate; love finds nurture in itself.

She had scarcely taken her seat at her secretary when a burst of laughter resounded behind her, and a man rushed from the alcove, in which he had kept himself concealed. M. de Candal had bribed one of his cousin's waiting women, and with her aid he had penetrated into the apartment, firmly resolved not to leave it, until he had obtained a promise of marriage.

The wine, of which he had freely drunk, stimulated his violence, and he had counted also upon the revenues of Madame Bontemps to pay his debts and to regild his tarnished escutcheon. His attempt seemed in his eyes as gallant as it was certain of success. He had dressed himself as if for a parade, his hair was powdered, his hat set jauntily awry, his uniform new, and his attitude military; he advanced like a conqueror, and saluted the dame with his hand placed upon the hilt of his sword.

Madame Bontemps, more surprised than terrified at seeing in her apartment the man who had so openly announced his designs upon her, rose with an air of dignity, without uttering a word, or betraying the slightest sign of emotion, and walked toward the bell, but M. de Candal, aware of her intention, intercepted her, and seized her by the arm, with the assurance of a man who is sensible of the advantages of his position. Casting upon him a glance of scorn and anger, she said, in a haughty tone:

"M. de Candal, the steadiness with which I have refused to receive your visits, should have taught you that your presence here is disagreeable to me. What could have prompted this audacity to introduce yourself into my house at night? Begone, sir, or I shall be compelled to have you turned out by my domestics!"

"My dear cousin, I will not go, and you will not call your domestics," replied the captain of the French Guards, "you are caught!"

"Do not insult me, sir! I would gladly spare you the treatment which you deserve, because of the relationship which you disgrace; but if you were discovered here, what would be thought of me?"

"'*Sarpejeu!* it would be thought that you had not chosen your man so badly, '*gallant in war, gallant in love*,' as the song says. Besides, they would think nothing about it, for to-morrow you will espouse me by right of conquest. I shall, therefore, treat you henceforth, as though you were Madame de Candal."

"Insolent! I forget the feeling of indulgence which restrained me, and I will summon my domestics to chastise you for your impudence, sir captain."

"If you have a fancy to call your domestics, I will first call those whom I have invited to our betrothal, my charming cousin."

With these words M. de Candal drew Madame Bontemps to the window, which he threw open with a great noise, and dragging her upon the balcony, which projected from the second story, he showed her the street full of uniforms and drawn swords. Shouts of applause hailed the captain's appearance, who held his victim in his arms, half swooning, and trembling with silent indignation. Bursts of laughter followed the shouts.

"Madame," said M. de Candal, waving his hand in token of thanks to his companions, "these are the officers of my regiment, whom I have assembled to witness my good fortune. To-morrow they will relate what they have seen, unless, *sarpejeu!* you give me a written promise of marriage."

"M. de Candal," whispered Madame Bontemps, endeavoring to escape from the terrible scene, "you are a coward! if I had a brother or a lover to defend me, you would never have dared to attack my reputation in this shameful manner. For mercy's sake, send away those drunken soldiers!"

"My friends, have you seen enough?" cried the captain, confident of the success of his stratagem; "am I not really the betrothed of my cousin?"

The officers sheathed their swords, and retired, reeling down the street, which re-echoed with their bacchanalian songs. M. de Candal, no longer doubtful of his triumph, which had been purchased at the expense of a woman's honor, closed the window, and placed Madame Bontemps upon a sofa, where she lay drowned in tears, her bosom heaving with heavy sobs; he seated himself in derision, and kissed her hands with a scornful laugh.

"*Sarpejeu!* charming cousin," he said, in a tone of conjugal authority, "to-morrow you will be my wife."

"I cannot credit such baseness and cowardice; yes, sir, cowardice, for I have no means to defend or avenge myself! Beware, M. de Candal, you will rue this deed! I know one who would defend and will avenge me!"

"Is it a lover, fair cousin? *Sarpejeu!* I am glad to hear it. I will slay him without mercy, unless you sign the contract; and, after a week of marriage. We are cousins already, and half the road is travelled toward wedlock; let us draw up the contract; how much in rents, lands, houses? One hundred thousand crowns? Bah! three hundred thousand? Perhaps a million?"

At this moment a pane of the balcony window was broken, and although no one was visible without, a hand holding a drawn sword appeared through the opening left by the broken glass. Madame Bontemps uttered a cry, and concealed her face in her hands. M. de Candal looked upon it as a jest played by one of the officers of his regiment.

"A man of courage never insults a woman," said a voice, breathless with rage. "You have hoped to go unpunished, coward,—you have basely counted upon the number of your accomplices, but you shall be chastised, and without profiting by your effrontery. Come, Candal, if you are worthy to wear a sword! Come, and meet him who awaits you! Miserable wretch, death summons you!"

"You or me!" cried the captain, irritated at this insult. Then observing the air of anxiety which appeared upon the features of Madame Bontemps, he said, "Ha! ha! madame, you had a lover, but that did not prevent you from taking a husband. *Sarpejeu!* is this your virtue? I will relate the adventure to-morrow, when I have despatched the fellow."

"*Mon dieu!* M. de Candal, you terrify me!" cried Madame Bontemps, detaining him, "I declare to you that I do not know him, that I have never seen him! But, for heaven's sake, avoid this encounter! Fly! do not harm him!"

"I will not even inflict a scratch upon him, if you wish it, on condition that you will espouse me, and settle all your property upon me in the contract."

"Will you come, Candal?" cried the threatening voice, while the sword revolved in the air, as if seeking an invisible enemy. "Must I call you coward to your face? Must I buffet you, and spit upon you, to compel from you the satisfaction which I demand? Come, then, if you are not the vilest and most abject of men! It is a combat to the death between us, and your comrades are waiting for you at Ramponeau's."

"*Sarpejeu!* he is right! duty before pleasure. Sheath your rapier, sir lover, and prepare for something else than breaking windows."

"Do not go! I will not suffer it! Listen, M. de Candal! he is a madman! he will slay you!"

"Adieu, madame, I give you time for reflection. Expose me to silence scandal, and *sarpejeu!* whoever says that you have a lover, shall be your second husband, I will crop his ears. I come, sir chevalier!"

M. de Candal disappeared through the window, and when Madame Bontemps hurried towards it to recall him, she beheld him beneath the balcony where he was joined by a man, who reproached him in a tone of violence. They departed together without discontinuing their altercation, and the unknown turned towards the balcony, and waved his hand as if sending her a kiss. Overcome by a thousand emotions, the chief of which was fear for the safety of her invisible lover, she fell senseless upon the balcony.

It was near morning when she recovered her consciousness. She arose pale and chilly, with her hair floating about her shoulders, and her robe scarcely fastened about her form. The events of the past night seemed like a dream. A knocking was now heard at her chamber door, and a letter was handed her which a lackey had just brought, urgently requesting that it might be placed in her hands at once. She broke the seal of the letter mechanically, and read as follows:

"Madame, you are avenged. M. de Campan is dead; he died repenting of his crime. I have suffered that my life has served to preserve your honor, but I have permitted to implore the only recompense which I can hope for here below? I beg you, if the fate of an unhappy being who loves you, excites a feeling of generous sympathy in your soul, I entreat you to grant me an hour, a last hour of your presence, which will console me for all my sufferings. The carriage which I send will conduct you to me, if you will deign to visit the bedside of one who is in the throes of a dying man.

"THE CHEVALIER DE VERTUMNE."

Madame Bontemps dropped the letter from her hands in dismay; her bosom throbbed violently, her eyes were filled with tears; she now felt the vehemence of her passion for a being who had revealed himself to her by benefits alone, and who had not sought an interview until the hour when he was about to breathe his last. She did not hesitate for a moment; she stifled her grief, and was about to set out at once, without thinking of the condition of her apparel, disturbed as it was by the terrible scenes of the past night. Her waiting woman—the one who had betrayed her to M. de Candal,—now entered, and repaired the disorder of her hair and garments. Overwhelmed by a vague feeling of despair, Madame Bontemps hurried from the house, and entered a black carriage which was stationed before her door, and was driven rapidly through the still deserted streets of the city.

The carriage entered the court of a large dwelling, and several domestics in black livery descended the winding stairs to meet her; she followed her guides in silence, and after having crossed several apartments, all furnished with princely splendor, she was ushered into a sleeping chamber, where the closed lattice scarcely admitted the faint light of day.

Garments stained with blood, and a sword lay in one corner; two men of grave air and apparel were occupied, the one in writing, the other in preparing bandages; they were the notary and the surgeon.

"Is it she?" inquired a faint voice proceeding from a bed, concealed by thick curtains. "Oh, it is well!" responded the voice, after a reply in the affirmative. "Madame, I may not have the strength to dictate, if I delay it for many moments; I wish to conclude an important transaction with this gentleman."

He then slowly dictated to the notary, as follows: "I give and bequeath irrevocably to Madame Bontemps, widow of the first *valet de chambre* of the King of France all my property, both personal and real, whether in Paris or in Germany. I desire that the said dame shall be my sole legatee, as a token of the affection which I have always felt towards her."

"Oh, sir, I cannot accept it!" cried the widow, bursting into tears, and approaching the bed, "no, you can live! you will live! and what have I done to merit such a mark of attachment? I do not deserve it, yet I wish only to know you. I refuse the gift which you offer me; I am already your debtor for a large sum; live, that I may repay the debt I owe you!"

"Madame, these words are sweet to me, coming from your lips; but, I repeat it, this is my testament; my wound is mortal, I feel it."

The surgeon bowed his head in token of assent, and Madame Bontemps sank upon an arm-chair, and buried her face in her hands. The dying man signed his testament with an effort, and then returning it to the notary, he requested to be left alone with Madame Bontemps. A moment's silence ensued, interrupted by broken sighs from the latter; a sound of weeping was heard also behind the curtains.

"Oh, sir, say that you will not die! You do not know the power of love over a woman's soul! You love me, you say—I believe it, for I return this love, why should I conceal it from you? Yes, I love you, sir, and my heart is a warrant for my own."

"Oh, madame, if my wound were not mortal, your kindness would heal it. Say once more that you love me, but do not approach me, I conjure you; my incognito can cease only with my life—she loves me, and I am dying! If I had but a day, an hour! She loves me!"

"I should be most ungrateful, were I insensible to the delicacy of your affection. You have saved my life and my honor; to you I owe my fortune, there is but one price for so much generosity, and I offer it to you—it is my heart, my hand. Your wound will heal in time with care, tender care—"

"I repeat it; I am dying! Dearest madame and friend, I did not presume upon such happiness as to be loved by you, and to hear it from your lips!"

"But now, may I not see your face? There is balm in the glance of a woman that one loves. I wish to look upon your face, and say that I love you."

"No, not yet, never! you would no longer love me! Well, yes! in a moment! Joy has killed me—loved by her! Now, look upon me!"

Madame Bontemps shuddered as she heard a prolonged sigh; she drew aside the curtains that were no longer held by a convulsive hand, gazed and beheld with horror, a face frightfully hideous and deformed, upon which death had cast a ghastly paleness. It was the monster whom she had encountered one evening on leaving the opera. She wept over him still, but she durst not gaze upon him a second time.

She reared a mausoleum to his memory, and often passed long hours upon her knees before the tomb of a man who had so tenderly loved her.

The *Gazette de France* on the following Monday announced the decease of the Prince of Wissembourg, "Who had dwelt in Paris for several years," said the editor, "and who lived in strict retirement on account of the horrible deformities of his person."

Original Poetry.

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NEMO.

[The incident related in the following poem was an actual occurrence—the author being an eye witness.]

Long since, when, from his eyrie home,
He sought the downward vale,
To soar above its golden fields,
And scent its fragrant gale,
Unknowing of its secret foe,
The fatal bullet hied,
And fluttering, to the earth he fell,
One pinion from his side.
Then, caged, they strove with skill and care,
The noble bird to tame;
To wean him from the towering hills
And skies, from whence he came.

But vain were all the many arts
His captors plied with care;
His talons furious sought the hand,
That brought his daily fare.
When strangers came, with eager eyes,
He look'd upon the shore;
He shrieked, as with the savage, when
He meets his deadly foe.
No art could conquer him, the free
And proud king of the air;
Like sullen conqueror, vanquished,
He drooped in stern despair.

One day, when accident had left
His cage-bars fastened slight,
He stepped between them, uncondu'd,
And spread his wing for flight.
Alas! he had but one, or they
Had seen him nevermore;
He sprang—but oh! what screams
As still he tried to soar!
Then finding all his efforts vain,
He leaped from height to height,
Till from the loftiest point he reached,
His old haunts flashed in sight!

Oh! had you seen that eagle then
With motionless intent
Gazing upon the far blue hills,
Where his young years were spent—
Or had you heard that piercing scream,
As his proud breast he tore,
And saw how fearfully he yearned
To sweep the skies once more,
You would have squandered Peru's wealth
To give him back his wing—
To see him above his native clouds,
The happiest living thing!

Independence, Pa.

Scenes in Mexico.

THE JAGUAR HUNTER.

The pioneer settlers in the Southern States of America are often exposed to danger from the attacks of wild animals. This is more particularly the case in approaching the tropical regions. The squatters of Texas relate many fearful tales of conflicts with panthers and wolves. In the States of the Mexican union, however, the ferocious jaguar, or South American tiger, is met with, which commits fearful ravages among the numerous herds of cattle and horses, from the breeding and sale of which many large proprietors derive a princely income. I was once visiting for a few weeks at one of these estates, where a jaguar had for some time kept the whole establishment in alarm, and escaped all attempts made for its destruction. At last, on the return of a hunter who had been absent on a distant expedition, all apprehension as to further annoyances ceased; for every one knew the courage and skill of the new-comer in attacking these animals, as to have gained for him the name of Bermudes el *Mataseite*, or "Killer-of-Seven." On the night following his arrival, he invited me to join him in watching for the intruder, and appointed the rendezvous at the *Ojo de Agua*, a fountain at the foot of a slope stretching gradually away till it met the forest.

Soon after sunset I strolled towards the place agreed on. A tall cedar stood near the fountain, its lower branches dipping into the water as it bubbled away to the bottom of the valley. Behind the cedar rose the knotty trunks of a group of mahogany-trees, interspersed with flowery sumachs. On the opposite side, a little glade was formed by a cluster of oak-trees, at the entrance of which I found the hunter lying at his ease upon the grass, enjoying the coolness after the extreme heat of the day, with his blue-barrelled rifle at his side. I congratulated him on the choice of so picturesque a site for the rendezvous. "I am delighted," he replied with a smile, "the whole meaning of which I did not at first comprehend, "that the place is to your taste, but you will not be long before it is better chosen than you think."

We had not long been seated when a second hunter appeared, a tall Canadian, his rifle in one hand, and leading a lame colt by the other. After exchanging a few words with Bermudes, he tied the limping animal to the stem of the cedar by a long and strong cord, and then came to sit down by our side on the moss. I was at a loss to understand the object of these preparations, and of the fires which had been kindled in various directions. On questioning the Mexican, he rose, and conducting me to the edge of the fountain, showed me several formidable footprints in the damp soil. "Those marks," he continued, "were made yesterday—of that I am certain. The jaguars, therefore, has not drunk for twenty-four hours, and for twenty leagues round there is not a drop of water but what is here on the estate. The fires yonder will scare the animal in that quarter; while thirst and the scent of the colt will certainly bring him here in the course of this night."

The logic of this reasoning appeared to me irresistible; and I found myself, quite unarmed, suddenly transformed into a tiger hunter. At first I thought my best course would be to make a quiet retreat: a mixture of curiosity and self-esteem, however, induced me to stay. The Canadian was stretched at full length on the bank, snoring loudly. Bermudes beckoned me to sit down by his side, and, to pass away the time, gave me an account of his numerous adventures. As we had yet four hours to wait before the animal could be expected to make his appearance, I sat patiently listening, while the hunter went on with his tale. For an hour no other sound save that of his voice and the loud breathing of the sleeper disturbed the silence. All at once the colt started and reared in alarm, and the dry bushes crackled with so dismal a sound, that I could not repress a shudder. "Did you not hear a howl?" I inquired of Bermudes, who shook his head and laughed as he answered, "When you have once, only once, heard a tiger's roar, you will never again be likely to mistake it for the humming of mosquitos. In a few hours you will be as well instructed on this point as I am."

It was a false alarm: all became quiet as before, while the hunter continued the history of his exploits. But a second interruption followed; the colt began to utter a cry between a shriek and a moan. "Is it mosquitos this time," I asked, "that so terrifies the poor animal?"

"Probably not," rejoined Bermudes. "Listen!"

"Hold—look yonder!" I said, pointing to a young poplar that rose above the surrounding trees; "it is not the wind which shakes that tree while all the others are motionless."

"It is the jaguar," said the hunter after a pause. "At present he is playing the brave, but his hour is not yet come; and for the moment he is more afraid than you are. Do not think, however," he pursued, "that tiger-shooting has no dangers. You will be able to judge how much another hour without drinking will have exasperated the animal. I have seen many a brave man turn pale at their frightful roar."

Having expressed my uneasiness at being unarmed, my companion promised to furnish me with a weapon when the fitting moment should arrive, and resumed his recital where he had left off. But as the night grew darker, the interruptions became more frequent, and by and by a distant growl was heard, followed by a plaintive and moaning howl. "I was mistaken," said the hunter, coming to a pause; "instead of one tiger there are two. Males never attack in company; and should it be male and female, we shall have a double warning, for Providence, which has given a rattle to the most dangerous of serpents to announce its approach, has also given to wild animals eyes that glisten in the night, and roaring voices to proclaim their attack."

This assertion was far from agreeable, but the danger was still distant; the moment had not yet come when thirst makes these animals forget the involuntary dread which they have of the presence of man. All was again quiet in the woods, those gloomy depths were thrown into shadow by the moonlight. The Canadian had risen from the grass, and leaned drowsily against the tree, smoking a short pipe, with his rifle between his knees. I had learned enough of the course of the stars to know that the hour was at hand for which we had so long been watching. Bermudes again spoke—"It is time now to think of you," he said. "Do you not perceive that the silence becomes more and more profound around us, and that the odor of the plants has almost changed? Under the influence of the night they exhale a new perfume. When you have lived longer in the desert, you will learn that each hour of the day, as well as of the night, has its peculiar signification. At such hour, as one voice becomes silent, another makes itself heard. At present ferocious beasts salute the darkness, as to-morrow the birds will salute the dawn. We are near the hour when man loses the imposing influence of his look—at night his eye becomes dim, while that of wild animals brightens and pierces the deepest gloom: man is the king of day, but the jaguar is king of darkness."

After uttering these words with a grave emphasis, the hunter rose, and fetching a bundle from the place where it had been deposited, unrolled two sheepskins covered with their wool, and, drawing his knife from its sheath, observed, "You see your arms?"

"And what, in the name of wonder, do you expect me to do with that?" I inquired. "I hoped at least for a rifle."

Bermudes proceeded to explain that, on such an occasion, a rifle could be intrusted to those only who were sure of their aim. "You will roll these skins round your left arm," he continued, "and take the knife in your right hand; then you put your right knee to the ground, and rest your protected arm upon the left knee. In this manner the arm defends your head and body, while your stomach will be shielded by the knee; for tigers have an ugly having of trying to disembowel their enemy with a stroke of their paw. If you are attacked, you present your arm, and while the animal's tusks are buried in the wool, you rip him up from flank to shoulder with one plunge of the knife."

"All that appears to me incontestable," was my answer; "but I would rather hope that two hunters such as you will not miss your tiger. For my part, I shall hunt, as you call it, with my hands in my pockets; that will be more original."

Failing the armour of sheepskins, the hunter urged me to take the knife, which I accepted. The two associates then primed their rifles, and we waited without exchanging a word. The lower part of the forest was now in profound darkness, while the little space around the fountain was brilliantly illuminated. We were sheltered by the drooping branches of a large mangrove, forming a kind of natural arch. Twenty paces in front reclined the colt, whose instinct was to be the hunters' guide. Presently I saw the animal raise its head with evident signs of uneasiness, which were soon after succeeded by broken cries of terror, and efforts, to escape from its fastenings. These attempts being useless, it remained trembling in every limb; a breath of terror seemed to pervade the atmosphere. All at once a cavernous roar from the neighboring heights pealed in echoes through the woods; the colt hid its head in the grass. A deep silence followed: the two hunters crept from the shelter, and I heard the double click as they cocked their rifles.

An instant after, a terrible roar again burst upon our ears; a form of light colored darted through the air upon the colt, which had crouched down in terror; there was a noise of crashing bones, followed instantaneously by the report of Bermudes's rifle.

"Your knife!" he cried to his companion, who was preparing to fire. "Look up; that is for you!"

I turned my eyes in the direction indicated by Mataseite, as he took the Canadian's knife. High up among the branches of the cedar I saw two large eye-balls shining like burning coals, watching all our movements: it was the second jaguar, whose tail was lashing the foliage, and beating off the dried moss from the branches in showers. The Canadian stood motionless, with his eye fixed upon the two fierce-gleaming lights in the tree. Meantime the wounded jaguar sprang at one leap close to Bermudes, to whom the moonlight showed the furious animal. The blood was streaming from one of his legs, shattered by the ball. Collecting himself for a last rush, the animal lowered his head, beat the air, and howled in fury; his blazing eyes seemed to expand to twice their ordinary size. Bermudes stood, self-possessed, on the defensive, holding his knife forwards. At length the tiger leaped; but his muscles were weakened by the wound, and the hunter, stepping aside, buried his knife in the monster's heart as he fell: there was a terrible yell—a struggle of agony—and all was over.

"Whether or no," exclaimed the brave Mataseite, "there is a skin badly torn, to say nothing of my own," at the same time showing his arm lacerated by a long gash. He had scarcely finished, when a second roar was heard in the direction of the cedar: it was answered by the report of a rifle; a noise of rending branches, followed by a heavy fall, announced the skill of a practised marksman. The Canadian had aimed between the glowing eyes. When the two hunters, going round to the other side of the spring, had found the body, their shouts of triumph gave me to understand that the Canadian's accurate eye had not been deceived. It was not without a feeling of compassion that I approached another victim of the slayers and slain—the dead colt. The poor animal lay stretched upon the grass; a bleeding wound at the back of the head, and another on its nose, shewed where the tiger's claws had fallen; the complete fracture of the vertebræ of the neck proved death to have been instantaneous. Already cold and rigid, the first jaguar lay near: I measured it with my eye, but at a distance, when the two others arrived dragging the female, whose skull had been shattered by the ball: this time, at least, the skin was unbroken.

Bermudes complimented me on my courage, in what he persisted in calling tiger-hunting. I, however, disclaimed anything like bravery. The hunters seemed disposed to pass the night near the booty which they had so well earned; and preferring the open air to my close chamber, I agreed to keep them company if they would light a fire. My wish was soon gratified; we stretched ourselves on the moss near the blazing wood, and before many minutes had elapsed, were sound asleep.

On awaking the next morning, I found the two companions with their shirt sleeves tucked up to the elbow, and stained arms, busily engaged in flaying the two jaguars. When they had completed their task, which was performed with the dexterity acquired by long practice in similar operations, they threw the skins over their shoulders, and we all took the way to our original quarters, where our arrival was hailed with prolonged congratulations. Bermudes and his comrade received the usual reward of ten dollars for each skin; and the "Killer-of-Seven" would now have to add another number to his surname.

Pictures of Life.

LOVE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.
A TRUE TALE.

Near the large village of M——, in the county of Cork, there resided, some years since, a wealthy gentleman named Arden, whose only daughter and sole heiress was, at the time of which we speak, near her sixteenth year, having been educated in the seclusion of her father's house, by a governess of rigid principles, she was as little acquainted with the world as it is possible to imagine a young lady of her age to be.

Happy would it have been for her had she been earlier taught the value of men's vows, and the danger that threatens the peace of mind of those who place too fond a reliance upon them; indeed, we might remark, *en passant*, the error into which too many guardians of the young fall, in keeping them so completely secluded, as to render them unfit, on their entrance into the world, to cope with the evils that surround them: they look upon it either as filled with care and snares, from which there is no escape, or trusting and believing all, they find themselves and their young hopes wrecked.

On a lovely day in June, 18—, a detachment of the — regiment marched into the town of M——, and, in the course of that and the following day, the officers were waited upon by most of the gentry of the neighborhood;—among the rest, by Mr. Arden, who piqued himself on the preservation of that hospitality for which his ancestors and their compeers were so famous.

One of the officers in command, was a young man named Walter L——, the son of a younger brother of a good family, whose whole fortune was his pay; unless, indeed, I tell of the weaker sex, we include a tall and handsome figure, fine blue eyes, and noble features, relieved from the charge of effeminacy by the hue of bronze that overspread them; an ardent sportsman, he soon became a favorite of Mr. Arden's, and a constant guest at his house, where, of course, he frequently met Louise, and, being also a draughtsman, his society soon became as agreeable to her as to her father, and he her constant companion in her walks and rides; together they sketched many of the lovely views of the charming neighborhood; and though he never spoke of love, nothing was wanting on his part to win the favor of the fair and wealthy girl; and, as the sequel will show, with too much success.

Some months passed in this manner, when a rumor was circulated that the regiment was ordered on foreign service, and at the thought of parting, all else was forgotten. Walter declared his affection, was hesitatingly accepted by the daughter, and indignantly rejected by the father, who, while reminding him of his poverty and his position as a subaltern in a marching regiment, termed him "a presumptuous fortune hunter;" enraged by this treatment, he rushed from the house, and on reaching his quarters, found the route had already arrived. The regiment was ordered to proceed to Cork, whence it was to embark for Madras; he now wrote to Mr. Arden, entreating permission to take leave of his daughter—the answer to which was his own note unopened; but, accompanied by the few gifts, (principally drawings from the surrounding scenery,) she had formerly accepted. Many were the attempts he made to obtain a parting look from her he believed he fondly loved. We will leave him to pursue his voyage to the land of which so much is written, and, at the name of which, such glorious visions arise of all that is splendid and luxurious, some of which fall far, far short of the reality, (even though dimmed by the dismal reverse of want of health, that greatest of human blessings,) and follow the future steps of the loving, devoted Louise.

Never having known grief, the frantic excess of passion alarmed her father, who at last decided upon placing her temporarily in a convent, a few miles from her home; trusting that quiet, seclusion, and above all, the reasoning of the sisters on the folly of all earthly attachments, would restore her once more to peace of mind, and eradicate all thoughts of her banished lover. Lamentably was he mistaken! for a fortnight only had elapsed, when one morning, the gate being unguarded, our heroine passed through and found herself on the road to Cork. We dare not occupy the space necessary to detail the manner in which she accomplished her wishes and arrival in that city, in time to find that the vessel had already sailed with her Ulysses. With an energy wonderful in one of her age, sex and former habits, she purchased the habiliments of a sailor boy, stained her face, hands and throat; and having passed to Liverpool, presented herself to the captain of a ship about sailing for Madras; and strange to say, was engaged as his cabin boy.

Behold our heroine now transformed into that ill-used specimen of humanity—a sailor boy. The captain with whom chance had thrown her, and was accompanied by his wife, was far more lenient than usual; and although, of course, unaware of her disguise, allowed her many privileges, among the greatest of which was that of being permitted to convert the bottom of the table to the purposes of a dormitory. For three months she fulfilled the duties of her new station, and preserved her secret inviolable; the ship labouring under a heavy sea, her foot slipped, and she fell, with a cry of pain so feminine, as to astonish all who heard it. Raising her, they found her ankle sprained; and while it was dressed, the agony it caused was sufficient to throw her off her guard, and she found herself compelled to reveal the deception she had practised, and acknowledge the sex other than she seemed. Every attention was paid to her by the kind-hearted captain and his wife; the latter, although blaming her for the steps she had taken, participating warmly in the feelings of the devoted girl.

A few more weeks witnessed their arrival in Madras, and Louise, with an indescribable mingling of feelings, found herself within sight of the haven of all her hopes; she pictured to herself the delight of their meeting; she imagined that she heard his ardent thanks for this proof of devotion; and with a buoyant heart [illegible] for which she was remarkable, appeared to have forgotten the past, and to [illegible] the impropriety of the steps she had [illegible] than as an instance of disobedience [illegible] father, of whose pardon she [illegible]

On anchoring in the Madras Roads [illegible] proceeded on shore; and [illegible] nounced that the regiment [illegible] that he had written to Lieutenant [illegible] L——, stating the circumstances [illegible] his presence at the agent's office [illegible] hour on the following day [illegible] after a sleepless night to Louise [illegible] surf in a Messullah boat, she [illegible] there awaited the arrival of the one [illegible] time passed; but soon after [illegible] of footsteps, and found herself [illegible] her lover: but how different [illegible] she anticipated. Shall I describe [illegible] story truly and succinctly, in the words of the poet?

"Man is inconstant ever,
One foot on sea, and one on shore—
To one thing constant never."

Where were all her brilliant hopes of happiness? where were her delightful anticipations? the words, "How could you [illegible] dently," reached her as the [illegible] the lips that had formerly breathed [illegible] love; and even, yes! not [illegible] proach for the perils and trials she [illegible] but of cool and deliberate reason [illegible] reeled, a dizziness passed [illegible] senseless. On her recovery [illegible] place for some hours, the [illegible] ed to her by the captain; who [illegible] needed it, had watched anxiously [illegible] consciousness that he might [illegible]

MADRAS, May 18, ——.

Dear Miss Arden:—I was both surprised and distressed to learn from Captain S—— the very imprudent step you have taken. [illegible] occupied, I could not for a moment entertain the idea of making you my wife [illegible] was possible; but you will remember, when first I knew you, I believed you [illegible] cient income to render marriage [illegible] present circumstances, it could not be thought of by both. Captain S—— [illegible] the course of the ensuing month, [illegible] feel disposed to place yourself [illegible] tion of his wife, I shall be happy to [illegible] passage; should you prefer [illegible] have no doubt you will be able to [illegible] tion as companion to some lady [illegible] doubt, you will marry both [illegible] best wishes, I remain, yours truly, W. L.

Poor Louise! No home had she but [illegible] For one short week [illegible] lover followed her to the grave.

Selected Articles.

DRIFTWOOD JOHNSON.

A very strange occurrence has taken place some years since in the flourishing city of Cincinnati, and is yet fresh in the minds of many, though not known by any means as old as "the oldest inhabitants," who know all things. It was on the night of a winter's night around a cheerful fireside that a wandering youngster, and the moral [illegible] that the young minds with greater force than the circumstances of its "being true as gospel." The hero of the tale was an old man named Johnson, who had lived from a boy in the place, and followed a curious trade for a livelihood. Early and late, he would gather the drift-wood brought down by the river's tide, collecting it from the river, and toiled at it so incessantly, day after day, and year after year, that it at last became whispered about that old Driftwood Johnson was hoarding money; that he had invested his little earnings, and had realised handsome profits in speculations: but still he clung to his business. He was mean in dress, and it was thought that the money he ever spent, except for the barest necessaries of life, being for the [illegible] loved daughter, for she was [illegible] child.

At last Driftwood bought a very large brick house, or built one; and, much to the surprise of everybody, furnished it elegantly, and brought his daughter home from school to be the belle of his mansion. It was a good way out of town, but he said the city would grow to it. There was always something mysterious about the old man's family; and his wife, who was a very amiable woman, had a care-worn, anxious look, that no one could account for. The establishments of the daughter, however, brought her plenty of lovers, who sighed and pined for her hand: and the favored of all was a young merchant's clerk, connected with one of the first commercial establishments in Cincinnati, and was to become a partner. His suit prospered, and he was married to the daughter of old Driftwood, but he was thought to think it a very odd circumstance that during all his evening visits, which were numerous, he had not far between," he never met old Driftwood, and all his inquiries after him met with evasive and unsatisfactory replies. The clerk's quizzical nature was at last aroused, but he felt it was a generally understood, having never troubled himself much about the matter.

On returning to his store late one night, after a visit to his lady love, he was horrified at finding at the door at lady the mangled and bleeding corpse of a man, a stranger. He at apparently fallen from the second or third story window of the warehouse, and had been killed at once. The police watch were called in and the ghastly remains taken to the watch-house, and a physician sent for to see the body. He had been dead for an hour, but there was nothing left but to bury it, for no one knew the man was, and there was nothing on the body. There was no trace of anything by which it could possibly lead to a recognition, save a slight mark on his clothes, and a bunch of keys, and a box of matches and a small dark lantern of the kind that he had about him; so the coroner, with the [illegible] inquest, returned a verdict of accidental death, the facts rendered, and he also, the body was buried.

The next evening, the clerk took to the house, the lover found the family in the deepest distress at the absence of old Driftwood, who had left home the day before, and that he had suddenly been called away on business and would soon return. Advertisements were put in the papers, but no one came to identify. The daughter [illegible] ticed, and people at last began to think that [illegible] either been murdered or [illegible] sipp while gathering driftwood. [illegible] his house there were a number of [illegible] old Driftwood had always kept [illegible] came necessary to settle his [illegible] were forced open and found [illegible] rich cases of all sorts of [illegible] satins, broadcloths, linens, [illegible] ery, and in short all sorts of [illegible] of every description—which [illegible] Cincinnati from different places [illegible] for years. The secret was [illegible] had for years employed [illegible] through the Western country [illegible] flat boats to points on the M[illegible] canals, and all of them he [illegible] by any accomplice, stolen. The [illegible] by the clerk a bleeding corpse [illegible] Johnson. The clerk, however [illegible] daughter of the old man was [illegible] that her father had pursued [illegible] burglary and thieving, was [illegible] a mother, surrounded by a [illegible] is stranger than fiction.—N. [illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

TERMS.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We hope our friends when we usually appeal to our readers, to get up clubs and to get out their subscriptions for a new year. We have tried during the past year to make a good paper; one both interesting and instructive, and we trust that our subscribers, if they think we have succeeded, will not only send on their own names for the coming year, but will also exert themselves among their neighbors and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are so low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared in a daily, long subscribe paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price; but it is the pride of the proprietors of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, prepared on good paper, with type that will not ruin the eyes of their subscribers. That such newspapers are wanted, and that the country is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere mechanical cheapness. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send us their lists, that we may prepare and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

EMERSON.

The last number of Black-wood's Edinburgh Magazine contains a noble tribute to the genius of that gifted son of America, who is now on a visit to England. The writer says, "If we were called upon to point and encourage the cooks of our trans-Atlantic brethren, our compatriots still in language, for a model which shows all others displayed to the undoubted merit of original genius—it would be a prose work, and one of a philosophical character—we should point to the volume placed in the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

And again: "It is this immortal, America has not given to the world anything which, in point of original genius, is comparable in his writings. That one has a thousand more native beds will, whose more equal culture, and whose more minor pretensions, one might prefer to her—this is not the question—but in that highest department of reflective genius, where the power is given to impart new insights into truth, or make old truths look new, he stands hitherto unrivall-ed in his country."

And again: "Up to this moment, America has not given to the world anything which, in point of original genius, is comparable in his writings. That one has a thousand more native beds will, whose more equal culture, and whose more minor pretensions, one might prefer to her—this is not the question—but in that highest department of reflective genius, where the power is given to impart new insights into truth, or make old truths look new, he stands hitherto unrivall-ed in his country."

The critic then concludes his article: "Very popular Emerson, perhaps, never may become; but he ought to; nameless but, certainly known he will be recognised as one of those old favorite writers whose names, like those of their works, need not so much as brushes, but as noble-minded contemporaries, to be kept from the dust which has long age concealed and forgotten. Men will read him then, not for his philosophy—they will not care for that—but for the light of his genius, which they will know that they are there, and there they will hasten, that they will read him for the great gratuitous enlightenment of our epoch to another, that is other intellectual epochs, for their lofty sentiments to which all hearts will expand; for their truth—which could shine way through all systems, and on all subjects."

The following remarks upon American literature, and the kind of writings which are now demanded by the world, are also very just and forcible: "The genius of America seems hitherto opposed to manifest itself either in works of science and reflection than in those displays of poetic fervor which are usually looked for in a nation's literature. And a little consideration would lead us, probably, to expect this. Where the mind itself upon the scene, enters into the drama of the world, at a time when the energies of men are generally awakened and excited to typical and characteristic activity. *It is not a great poem that mankind want at such a time; it is a great statesman, a great creed, or words, or human energy, as the occasion or problem which may require it.* Nor will *an ever mortal effulgence,* which may come to us from a new literature as a peculiar creation, be expected, such would probably be the task assigned to it."

In other words, if we understand the reviewer, the same nobility, keenness and originality of thought, which have made Emerson's writings so a great poem, now, in a far different age, applies equally in a more direct and practical manner to the labor of the world's regeneration. The Golden Age is no longer to be dreamed of, but to be realized. And the noblest and most poetical souls of the present day, must be perfectors in dreamers, but workers. Times change and men must change with them. Though, for last matter, the Hero-worship of Carlyle, and the love for the old in the old poetic track—they are forced out of it in spite of their liveries, by the spirit of the age. We need, as he taught most, to be workers. The highest minds of the coming centuries, even will be compelled to give up poetry itself for more real and expansive prose. Or, rather, what is commonly called poetry, which is simply fiction and a tattered rhythm, for a poetry understood by nature rules, such as burst from the breast of Homer when he pleaded for liberty of speech out of the prose, and shook the thrones of Europe with the thunderous music of his defence of the Regicides.

IRELAND.

The last accounts from Ireland include a famine as several of the remote districts are more terrible than that of last year. One report says that hundreds, at the present, actually dependent for support on turnip-leaves boiled, with a little raw meal, which, in a very few days, must be exhausted. While an officer of the Government who visited Cape Island and Innisturck, says that in the several enumerated wretches exposing in appearance from other sources.

In last year's famine, according to the speech of Mr. H. Grattan, in Parliament, 113,000 persons fled the island. A late census of the county Wicklow, Lord Fitzwilliam estimated that at least 5,000,000 would emigrate annually. And in connection with these terrible statistics, we may give another—one of those cheering facts which are found so frequently—that on one hundred and forty-five parishes containing 1,000,000 inhabitants, there was not one murder committed. The melancholy condition of country is drained from her bosom, to furnish means to alien landlords to lead agentsfish lives on London and Paris. If Ireland had a Parliament of her own, how long would such a fatal order of things be allowed to continue?

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

A shoemaker in New York advertises in huge placards, the exhibition, at twenty-five cents admittance, of the identical *rattlesnake that killed Dr. Wainwright.* What a curse of *glory it seems* is to new-makers, in all somebody.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The Annual Message of Governor Slouch is reflective tone in general is dull to our readers. They must therefore content themselves with the following abstract of it.

The blessings of the past year call forth the usual expressions of gratitude in the "Good of the Institute." The Governor regrets the way, which he says the prudence, industries, &c., of our people could not avert, but does not express any opinion as to its further prosecution, or the best means of ending it.

The public debt on the 1st December, 1849, was $40,780,377. On the 1st December, 1857, it was $40,919,812.33, being $39,027.33 less than a year ago. This reduction was effected by the cancellation of $1,100,000 of the relief notes, and by the receipt of State stocks in payment of old debts.

The balance in the Treasury on the 1st December 1857, was $986,000.35, being an increase of $380,000.35, over the same time in 1856. The Governor says this is an encouraging view of our finances, it being the first year since the commencement of the internal improvement system, that the revenues covering within the year have met the expenditures upon the Treasury.

The receipts during the next year are estimated at $1,200,000, and the expenses, including the cancellation of $600,000 relief notes, at $3,316,-300,00, which leaves an estimated excess of receipts of $345,210.65.

The Canal and Railroad tolls for this year, are estimated at $1,700,000. The amount of relief notes in circulation on the 1st December last, was $921,051, of which $50,000 were cancelled on the 1st of January last. The Governor recommends the passage of a law allowing the Banks to fund them at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, and that all of the capital stock of the Banks be required to the redemption of those that remain in circulation, and to the payment of the annual interest due the State.

The Governor makes a calculation that in 1862, $10,000,000 of our State debt may be paid off. He also recommends that all the canals be sold, and on real and personal property, &c., shall be levied, for the purpose of paying off the State debt.

In relation to the Tariff, the Governor says:

Moderate discriminating duties, with a sound currency, limited to the specie standard, may be expected to the restoration of the business of the country, by which the just amount of revenue will be secured to the Government, and adequate protection afforded to the various branches of industry, which will enable them to employ the labor of the country to the full extent of its demand, at fair and remunerative prices. The duties on the original reported of $6,750, and make a clear profit of $2,000, or $250 more than the regular rate which they started.

As soon as they have got out this circulation they fail, and the bills fall at once to 25% cents on the dollar. With the $2,000 made above stated, these financiers buy up $10,000 of the bills, take up the $10,000 in circulation, and have left what they sell at the market for $8,000, and buy up $10,000 in bills. Once more it is taken to the Comptroller, and $10,000 in stock taken and sold at the market for $8,000, and $10,000 in bills bought up, and the operation taken out of the hands of

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Charlestown, will receive subscriptions and payments for the Saturday Evening Post, Saturday Courier, Saturday Gazette, Dollar Newspaper, and Western Literary Journal.

Mr. BENJAMIN E. JAMES, 103 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the following Newspapers and Periodicals, viz: Saturday Evening Post, Saturday Courier, Saturday Gazette, Dollar Newspaper, Western Literary Journal, Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, Sartain's Union Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and Ladies' Companion.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

JOHN MIMMO, Canada East and West.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for Maryland.

WILLIAM A. PERKINS, Agent for Boston.

JAS. PRICE, do. in New Jersey.

CHARLES S. HOWLETT will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MONTGOMERY T. WEISS, do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of BERDING & CO., No. 1, State Street, Boston; of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 194 Main Street, Cincinnati.

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Any Postmaster will be received as either of the above authorized Depots.

WHO OWN IT.

The New Hope and Delaware Bridge Company was chiefly owned by bankers at Columbia, Ohio, and has been used extensively in that State. The Columbian Insurance Company, at Columbia, Ohio, has owned a large interest in this bank until within a few months past, and the bills of the bank were obtained their circulation in that quarter through the agent of the Insurance Company in Cleveland, Mr. J. Harriman, broker. Recently the bank has changed hands twice, and is now nominally at least owned by Messrs. Curtis & Mitchell, Brokers, Columbus.

FATHER MATHEW.

The Journal of the American Temperance Union contains a letter from Father Mathew, which gives the following announcement:

I shall, please God, leave Ireland for my mission in the United States early in the ensuing spring; and should circumstances permit, I shall with pleasure visit Halifax (my first appeal of the profferd invitation of Messrs. Grimell, Minturn & Co., to the generous consignee of that eminent friend and supporter of our cause, Capt. Knight, of whose acquaintance I feel proud. I hope to reach New York in time for your anniversary meeting.

THE WESTERN FLOOD.

It is estimated that the damage by the late flood, between the Muscingum river and the Allegheny ranges, will amount to $18,000,000. At half cost, upon a valuation of the property, $1,000,000 would not replace fences alone. At least fifteen millions of bushels of corn and other grain are wholly lost; and three hundred thousand bales of cotton, mostly ungathered, in the fields, is wholly destroyed. Another $20,000,000 worth of wood, prepared for steamboat fuel.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

The steamboat Ben Sherrod, of this port, bound to St. Louis, and loaded with one thousand kegs of powder, took fire on Wednesday week, while near the Grindstone. The fire soon communicated to the powder, and caused a tremendous explosion, which was heard at a distance of fifteen miles. The boat was blown to atoms, but fortunately the passengers escaped before the explosion took place.

FROM THE BOSTON COURIER.

THE PURITAN.

Read at the Dinner of the New England Society of New York, Dec. 22, 1847.

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER, OF BOSTON.

The old Puritan was a solemn man,
Number him and never his fathers,
He talked through his nose and between plain clothes,
And sometimes through his hats.

But happen to grin, he believed it a sin,
And took it to heart most severely,
But should Satan provoke him to laugh at a joke,
He repented it very sincerely.

Accountable, he thought, were with mankind full
Straight,
Forms and fine-ers were nothing but evil;
While cards, dice and plays, and all Church holidays,
Were sure to be ranked by the Devil.

At sermons, too, did he strictly endeave,
They but kindled him with horror and shame
His own natural hair he would not even spare,
But wore it crept short round his head.

Deprived of all games, he had no pleasure,
But that ought to "Instruct increase."
He sweated, perchance, might be "Buckles and
Loose"
And rewrote "How Agag so pieces."

With powers of the air, and ghosts first and first,
He had duty to combat and wrestle,—
Yet as some "pottery" he was sure the Lord's hand he
lay,
So he spoke of himself as a "vessel."

On Sundays his house was as still as a mouse,
Not a whistle was heard, not a fiddle,
The church-wardens stout caught the boy who was out,
And gave him the stocks and low diet.

When lads up in years were taught part of their tears,
They were put on a par with blasphemers.
For it seemed to the spirit of the flesh left our bones,
Was the law for each wicked young sorrower.

The youth who would steal a coy Puritan maid,
Should be sure of the fable he'd court her,
And quite sure was he to find a huge foe
In his coy if he failed to convert her.

The duty of life, then, for man and for wife,
Was to labor six days out of seven,
On the seventh, in the best of their tuggery dress,
To work hardest of all, they'd be even.

Feel vendue or fair, there were constant in prayer,
But to thrift all the time kept a vapeal,
And in matters of trade they were wonderful shrewd,
Their items were set like a flail.

Unfortunate in both they opposed unto death,
At the stem's and they dragged the poor Quakers.
With delusion and power they overpowered Indian men,
And felt they were sent to do it.

The Puritan's wife, contemporaries and talk
Was the very reverse of her spouse,
And fare-gutted years on the slightest pretext,
Sometimes for the slightest of those.

But loud though he preyed, yet a certain inertia,
All design'd, and I dare say, a little bit lazy,
Like a tiger he'd fight in defence of his right,
But would not go out for a prey.

Now much out of mark was the old Puritan,
When to honor to night we assemble,
Should he not, perhaps, have had designs on our cheer,
Where's the man who could see and not tremble?

The "eager arrows" is gone, and the "sharp spear,"
Would forsee all the crimes without trouble,
Who to-day's days out of seven, and each would deer pop,
Not a glass of the cure dare imbibe.

But yet, after all, since the dust of the Fall,
Not but one whole is there,
Though you ransacked the world over, 'tween hard to
find
The Free of the old Puritan.

In change and vicissitude, no old vanity break
Upon the old rock of his fathers,
Oppression's storm power, even Famine's gaunt hour
Could but harden him, strength they ought lift.

In the name of the Crime all his wealth was but done
Freely will was his fortune and talent,
Mid the Ocean's intense war, on a wild savage shore
He reared unto with his right arm to his hand.

Made nature intense and splendors supreme,
Lay he pathway to glory or wrath,
In the Book of his creed, enough seemed he read,
With the Bible "a lamp to his path."

Then a storied he has, mouldering vast and free,
Whom love of the truth banished hither,
To immortal virtue he has made hundred lives,
Wrestled with lessons that never shall wither.

And honored for age let the fraternal day,
Through time be in celebration,
Till creation expire, and the last fatal fire,
The old Rock of Plymouth shall melt.

General News.

A CURIOUS CASE.

The Boston Journal says that a very curious case has just come up before a special term of court in Otsego county, showing that "wedlock is a tickish thing" in more respects than has been generally considered.

A Mr. Carpenter, living at Hempstead, Long Island, opened a New York paper one morning, and read that she had been divorced from her husband on a charge of adultery—the first notice she had had that any application had been made for a divorce, by her husband, or that he had charged her with that heinous crime.

It appears that one Frederick A. Wood, of Brooklyn, was the chief instrument in this transaction. He employed the officer who served a subpœna on the defendant, and furnished the proofs of crimes alleged before the Court of Chancery.

Such evidence was given, that the Court restored Mrs. Carpenter to the rights of a single woman, her a counsel for and attorney for her support.

CONGRESSIONAL LIFE.

The Boston Journal says that a writer in Washington, although a full of entertainment for the author, publishes or the aspiring office-seeker, can possess few attractions for a man of quiet and refined habits, who is fond of social intercourse and domestic enjoyments. A distinguished member of Congress, now while absent at home for a few days during the session, on a visit to his family, remarked to a friend that if he had felt more like a hermit during the last twenty-four hours than for the previous fortnight. During the period alluded to, he said, "I mingled night and day with men—with excited politicians—and I felt every day a fresher and savage disposition creeping over me—a disposition common to those who shun the softening, enobling and refining influences of female society."

ALGERIA COTTON.

The French Minister of Commerce lately sent specimens of cotton grown in Algeria to the principal manufacturing town, with a view to ascertain its quality. The Chamber of Commerce at St. Quentin has reported favorably of the specimens received, the Chamber of Commerce of Lille also speaks in the highest terms of the Algerian cotton, and pronounces that cotton from the Alsiers colony will find a regular and profitable market in that district. In consequence of these favorable reports, it is said that the French Government is likely to adopt measures for promoting the growth of cotton in Algeria upon an extensive scale.

THE GREAT FIRE.

The New Jersey Supreme Court, now in session at Trenton, in the matter of the suits brought against Cornelius W. Lawrence, formerly Mayor of New York, for damages to goods blown up in the attempt to arrest the progress of the great conflagration in New York, in December, 1845, have decided that the action could not be maintained, because the damage was the result of an unavoidable necessity.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE

CALEDONIA.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston on Tuesday evening of last week, bringing Liverpool dates to the 10th ult., being fifteen days later from England.

There has been no change of any consequence to the prices of Breadstuffs. There is a general improvement in tone, and a slight upward tendency is mentioned.

The general character and prospects of the grain market will doubtless be materially affected by the proclamation for the sitting week of duty on the 1st of March, of which notice has been given by the Government. The duty will continue upon wheat from it to its, per quarter, and upon flour from 2s. 6d. to 1s. per barrel, of which sum to the case and toll of the market. Indian Corn now pays, will be subject to a duty of 1s. per quarter, and 1s. per barrel.

Cotton has declined from 1d. to ½d. per lb. Transactions on each day are limited to 1,000 bales, and the market is languid.

Provisions have slightly declined. The money market is rather easier.

The French steamer New York put back to Brest on the 14th ult., with the fleet water in the hold.

The Union steamer put into Cherbourg, 1st December, leaky and pump choked.

The Cunard steamer Britannia, three weeks the French from London to Marseilles, struck on a rock between Cassidaigne and Marseilles, and was got off with difficulty.

The Queen's birth day was celebrated with the usual demonstrations of loyalty and rejoicing.

The Duke of Wellington has been appointed Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, in the room of the late Marquis of Conyngham.

The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ireland, in the room of Lord Hardinge, who succeeds the Duke of Wellington

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

THE TRAPPER GIRL.

BY J. P. DOUGLASS.

[In some of the English coal mines are children, from five to seven years of age—many of them girls—employed as trappers. Their duty consist in opening a species of trap-door, at stated periods, for the passage of the wagons; and on their care and vigilance depend the safety of the mine, and the lives of those engaged in it.]

'Twas the glorious summer time—
The time of fruits and flowers:
The hum of the drony bee was heard,
And the sky was glad with many a bird,
Singing through the golden hours,
Caroling in the sunny air
Without ever a thought of care;
And the butterfly, like a fairy sprite,
Solitary in its delight,
Flutter'd among the purple bowers:—
Glory and beauty and love and mirth,
Garlanded Summer in her birth.

I lay on a primrose bank,
Where a sparkling river roll'd;
I drowsily lay and listened its tune,
Which floated through the burning noon
Like a magic strain of old:
I listen'd its calm delicious sound,
While the gorgeous sunlight flashed around,
And half bethought me 'twas the time
I had read in many an ancient rhyme,
The famous age of gold:
But a sterner vision o'er me crept,
The while in Fancy's lap I slept.

Methought I stood within
The dark and dismal mine;
Where—many a hundred fathoms down—
Mammon sits with sable crown,
And Sceptre of diamond shine;
Where—gathering lavish spoils for him,
Perilling health and life and limb—
In gloomy caverns drear and dank,
Nursed amid vapors foul and rank,
His lowly bondmen pine;
The many worms, whose threads are spun
To furnish the silken garb of one.

In a gallery long and black
As the blackness of the tomb,
Silent and sad, I saw a child—
A little girl of aspect mild,
Mild, yet full of gloom;
A calm and gentle looking thing,
As should large joy to a mother bring;
But on her brow and face so wan
Was writ—ay, writ by the finger of man—
Her most unrighteous doom;—
The doom of early want and care,
Like a mildew on the promise there.

The many hopes and joys,
The instinct of her years;
The golden glories, dimly veiled
In her heart's depths, which darkly swell'd
With unimaginable fears;
The simple friendships, loves, and ties,
The impulses and sympathies,
The aspirations and the pride
Of childhood—all to her denied;
Denied its very tears.
A blighted, bruised and shattered thing,
In her young beauty's blushing spring.

Day and month and year,
In gloomy bondage there;
An alien from the kindly hearth,
From all the pure and bright of earth—
The sky and the Summer air;
Despised, degraded, but withal
Feeling the iron in her soul,
Till womanhood's brow is pale with wrong,
And nature sinks beneath the thong
And burden of despair;
Forging wealth for Dives!—and doom
That shall outlast his brazen tomb.

And thus the world goes round—
So ages wax and wane;
Many gather who do not plant—
Many toil in woe and want—
Many wear the chain—
Right is subject unto might—
Darkness holds the place of Light—
Error triumphs o'er Truth—
Justice sickens in her youth—
Wisdom speaks in vain:
But a better time is coming fast;
And Right shall rule the world at last!

Humorous Sketch.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

The collection of statistical information concerning the resources and industry of the country—by the assistant marshals who were employed to take the last census, (1840,) was a very difficult work. The popular impression that a tremendous tax would soon follow the minute investigation of the private affairs of the people, caused the census-taker to be viewed in no better light than that of a tax gatherer; and the consequence was, that the information sought by him was either withheld entirely, or given with great reluctance.

The returns therefore made by the marshals exhibited a very imperfect view of the wealth and industrial progress of the country. In some portions of the country the excitement against the unfortunate officers—who were known as the "*chicken men*"—made it almost dangerous for them to proceed with the business of taking the census; and bitter were the taunts, threats, and abuse which they received on all hands, but most particularly from the old women of the country. The dear old souls could not bear to be catechised about the produce of their looms, poultry yards, and dairies; and when they did "come down" upon the unfortunate inquisitor, it was with a force and volubility that were sure to leave an impression. We speak from experience, and feelingly on this subject; for it so happened, that the Marshal of the Southern District of Alabama, "reposing especial confidence" in our ability, invested us one day with all the powers of assistant marshal, and arming us with the proper quantity of blanks, sent us forth to count the noses of all the men, women, children, and chickens, resident upon those nine hundred square miles of rough country which constitute the country of Tallapoosa. Glorious sport! thought

...

you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the drafted old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old, they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are *he* or *she*, is none of your consarns."

We told her we should report her to the marshal, and she would be fined, but it only augmented her wrath.

"You! send your marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren, here, if you're had off to—let 'em come—let Mr. Van Buren come"—(looking as savage as a Bengal tigress)—"Oh, I wish he would come"—and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed—"I'd cut his head off."

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark, by way of joke.

"Kill him! kill him—oh—if I had him here by the *years* I reckon I would kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittils out'n gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky—the audacious—nasty, stinking, old scamp." She paused a moment, and then resumed. "And now, mister, jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Jist put down "Judy Tompkins, ageable woman—and four children."

We objected to making any such entry, but the old hag vowed that it should be done, to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We, however, were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth, our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule—"Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children."

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart; and forthwith mounting our old black, we determined to give the old soul a parting fire. Turning half round, in order to face her, we shouted:

"Old 'oman!"

"Who told you to call me old 'oman, you long-legged, hatchet-faced whelp, you? I'll make the dogs take you off that horse if you give me any more sarse. What do you want?"

"Do you want to get married?"

"Not to you, if I do!"

Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremity of our countenance, we said, "You needn't be uneasy, old 'un, on that score—thought you might suit bandy-legged Dick S——— up our way, and should like to know what to tell him he might count on if he come down next Sunday."

"Here, Bull!" shouted the widow, "sick him, Pomp!" but we cantered off, unwounded, fortunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress—"Si-c-k, Pomp, sick, sick, si-c-k si-c-k him, Bull—suboy! suboy! suboy!"—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

Selected Articles.

MAN'S NATURE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

It might be worth while, sometimes, to inquire what Nature is, and how men work to change her, and whether, in the enforced distortions so produced, it is not natural to be unnatural. Coop any son or daughter of our mighty mother within narrow range, and bind the prisoner to one idea, and foster it by servile worship of it on the part of the few timid or designing people standing round, and what is Nature to the willing captive who has never risen up upon the wings of a free mind—drooping and useless soon—to see her in her comprehensive truth.

Alas! are there so few things in the world about us, most unnatural, and yet most natural in being so! Hear the magistrate or judge admonish the unnatural outcasts of society; unnatural in brutal habits, unnatural in want of decency, unnatural in losing and confounding all distinctions between good and evil; unnatural in ignorance, in vice, in recklessness, in contumacy, in mind, in looks, in everything. But follow the good clergyman or doctor, who, with his life imperilled at every breath he draws, goes down into their dens, lying within the echoes of our carriage wheels and daily treads upon the pavement stones. Look round upon the world of odious sights—millions of immortal creatures have no other world on earth—at the lightest mention of which humanity revolts, and dainty delicacy living in the next street, stops her ears, and lisps "I don't believe it!" Breathe the polluted air, foul with every impurity that is poisonous to health and life; and have every sense, conferred upon our race for its delight and happiness, offended, sickened and disgusted, and made a channel by which misery and death alone can enter. Vainly attempt to think of any simple plant, or flower, or wholesome weed, that, set in this fœtid bed, could have its natural growth, or put its little leaves forth to the sun as God designed it. And then, calling up some ghastly child, with stunted form and wicked face, hold forth on its unnatural sinfulness, and lament its being, so early, far away from Heaven—but think a little of its having been conceived, and born, and bred, in Hell!

Those who study the physical sciences, and bring them to bear upon the health of Man, tell us that if the noxious particles that rise from vitiated air, were palpable to the sight, we should see them lowering in a dense black cloud above such haunts, and rolling slowly on to corrupt the better portions of a town. But if the moral pestilence that rises with them, and, in the eternal laws of outraged Nature, is inseparable from them, could be made discernible, too, how terrible the revelation! Then should we see depravity, impiety, drunkenness, theft, murder, and a long train of nameless sins against the natural affections and repulsions of mankind, overhanging the devoted spots, and creeping on, to blight the innocent and spread contagion among the pure. Then should we see how the same poisoned fountains that flow into our hospitals and lazar-houses, inundate the jails, and make the convict-ships swim deep, and roll across the seas, and over-run vast continents with crime. Then should we stand appalled to know, that

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REBELLION RIPENING IN CANADA.

We have watched with much interest the growing discontent in Canada for the past year. Every thing betokens another political struggle at hand. Ever since the late rebellion, the seeds then sown have gradually germinated. The return of Mr. Papineau to Lower Canada has given fresh hopes of an ultimate release from thraldom. The attempted union of the French and Loyalists, after the armistice, was of a momentary character.

The movers in the plot now going on are the leading men of French origin in the Lower Province. Several of the most wealthy men in Quebec and Montreal are active and bold in their determination. An organization of an Association has been made, the headquarters being at the former city, for progress and reform in Canada. A copy of a secret circular has been discovered by the government, recommending auxiliary societies in every Parish, with the names of the officers to be forwarded to the Presidential Board at Quebec. The discovery has caused much uneasiness with the crown party.

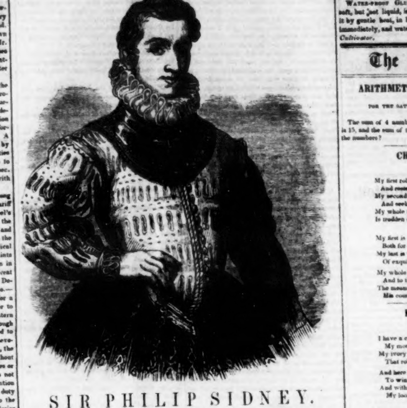
The discriminating duties that have for a long time favored the Provinces under the British tariff are now done away in a great measure by Peel's new bill. This has excited the ire of many of the English merchants of Montreal and Quebec, and caused them to reflect in favor of a union with the States. This party have established a periodical called the *Economist*. It is filled with complaints against the mother country for neglecting them in their commerce. They have demanded of Great Britain the management of their Post Office Department, which has recently been acceded to.—They have been vociferous in their requests for a free navigation of the St. Lawrence, in order to cope with the Americans for a share of the western trade. This question as yet is unsettled, although urged upon the Crown. They have petitioned to be allowed to regulate their internal affairs in several respects, the most important of which is, the right to make their own tariff of duties, without discriminating in favor of English manufactures or British bottoms for freighting. As yet it has not been fully conceded. Another bone of contention is that they are compelled to pay an *imperial* duty for all imports from the States, in addition to the Canadian duty. The *imperial* portion they desire repealed.

The Montreal Gazette, and other leading loyal papers, are assuming a bold ground. The Gazette says:—"*Our natural tendencies, that is, those of the British and pro-British inhabitants of this Colony, are all to the New England States.*"

An election for Parliament is now in progress, and conducted with great spirit. *Reform* candidates are up in almost every district—even where there is the least hope—in Upper Canada. The object is a thorough organization of the party. Mr. Papineau has issued an address to the people of six columns, setting forth their grievances. Like O'Connell in his Irish proceedings, he is for *Reform* and *Progress* in a lawful manner, and discourages overt acts, in order that the government can take no advantages of the move. He says the Union of the Provinces is a failure, accomplished to keep down the French populace, and re-agitates

...

Our Portrait Gallery.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The above engraving will be interesting to our readers, not only as the portrait of one of the most generous and noble men that ever lived, but also as affording an insight into the dress of a gentleman in the 16th century.

Sidney was regarded by his contemporaries as not only a highly accomplished scholar, and a gallant and most true hearted man, but also a great statesman and soldier, and, with scarcely an exception, the greatest of living poets. He was born in 1554—his father, Sir Henry Sidney being described as a man "of excellent natural wit, large heart and sweet conversation."

Our readers will remember the famous anecdote told of Sidney at the battle of Zutphen, where he lost his life. Whilst being carried through the camp fatally wounded, feeling thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink; which was brought to him. At this moment a soldier still more dangerously hurt, and who, as Lord Brooke observes, "had eaten his last at this same feast," was borne by, and was observed by Sidney to fix his ghastly and imploring looks upon him. He immediately handed the bottle to the poor soldier, saying simply, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." It is painful to know that but for a chivalric imprudence Sidney's wound might have been averted. He had fully armed himself according to the custom of the time, but seeing the marshal of the camp comparatively defenceless, he threw off his own cuisses, and thus opened a free passage for his mortal wound. "Nothing in life, however, became him like the leaving of it."

Sidney's death occurred at the age of 32, and nothing gives so high an idea of his heroic and generous character, than the fact that he was able at so early an age, to have made so strong an impression upon his contemporaries. The national grief at his death was extraordinary, the whole kingdom went into mourning.

THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

An unfortunate individual laments his solitary state in the following stanzas, the concluding one of which indicates that we may still have hopes of him:—

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?
Nobody

Who sets for me the easy chair,
Sets out the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?
Nobody

Who regulates the cheerful fire,
And piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?
Nobody

When plunged in dire and deep distress,
And anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hopes of happiness?
Nobody

...

The Girls.—Not long since a marriage was to be celebrated in the village church. The minister, after making a very eloquent and touching discourse on the duties and rights of those who were about to be united, suddenly exclaimed: "Those who wish to be married will please rise!" and immediately after, shot up above the seated multitude the heads, handsome and *otherwise* of a crowd of young girls, who had understood the remark which was addressed to the contracting parties as a general invitation to all who were desirous to leave the selfish state of single blessedness.

Fashion vs. Feeling.—A little girl, hearing her mother say that she was going into half mourning inquired, "Are any of our folks *half dead*?"

Science and Art.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

...

Fun and Frolic.

HOW PAT TAUGHT HIS BROTHER SOLDIER SPANISH.

...

THE UNSOLD LANDS.

...

THIRTY THOUSAND POUND NOTE.

...

ANTIDOTE TO POISONS.

...

A SPEECH TO ROYALTY.

...

For Housekeepers.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY, RECIPES, &C.

...

the legs smooth, and fresh, claws tender and short, bill short, comb thin and smooth. The same remarks, as to the legs, apply in part to turkeys and geese.

Water-proof Glue.—Render glue perfectly soft, but just liquid, in cold water; then dissolve by gentle heat, in linseed oil. It dries almost immediately, and water will not effect it.—*Albany Cultivator.*

The Riddler.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of 4 numbers in geometrical progression is 15, and the sum of their squares is 85. What are the numbers? J. O.

CHARADES.

1.

My first rolls rapidly along
And rests once in a while,
My second loves to be at home,
And seek the kiss and smile.
My whole tho' useful in its way,
Is trodden on the live long day.

2.

My first is what the toper likes,
Both for himself and glass;
My last is what the fancy strikes
Of exquisite and lass.

My whole has given to the sea,
And to the travelling wight
The means to journey speedily,
His course to expedite.

RIDDLES.

1.

I have a chest that's square and broad,
My mouth is open wide,
My ivory teeth can strike a chord
That rolls harmonious tide.

And here the graceful Julia sits,
To win the muse's wreath,
And with her taper fingers hits
My loose and yielding teeth.

2.

Some spout water, I spout fire
Engines play high, I play higher,
Down my sides a running stream
Sparkles like a sunny beam.

Clear the road—I come amain,
Whelming all the smoking plain,
Tall trees bend and nouses crash,
Mortals perish in a flash.

REBUS.

My first, at first, would not believe,
My second did Siberia leave
To get a pardon for her sire,
My third first made the church a spire,
My fourth was once a gallant chief,
My fifth brought Irish folks relief,
My sixth has very little motion
My seventh is a Yankee notion,
My eighth hath many a leech and potion
My whole was seen in many a strife
With tomahawk and scalping-knife,
A mighty chief who bravely fought
For scalps which British agents bought.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are two men fighting a duel with swords like a garden railing?
Ans.—Because they're fencing.

☞ Why is swearing like an old coat?
Ans.—Because it is a bad habit.

☞ What is that which a coach cannot move without, and yet is not of the least use to it?
Ans.—Noise.

☞ Why are fixed stars like pens, ink and paper?
Ans.—Because they are stationary. (stationery.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA
Major General Israel Putnam

REBUS.
Thames, Alps, Yale, Lucifer, Oil, Roy
Taylor

...

The Olio.

STREET SMOKING

...

THE MINES OF MEXICO.

...

SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.

...

DEATH.

BY F. B.

A fettered spirit dreading to be free!
Sight passing strange! a soul that hugs its chains,
And hates to quit earth's troublings, and its pains,
And loves the cloud that wraps in mystery
All that is worth the knowing. Can it be,
Since through death only life supremely reigns,
That man, who here unceasingly complains,
Dreads to cast off his dull mortality?
Death openeth life! and yet he fears to die.
What! would the prisoner seeing from afar
The dim light glimmering through his prison bar,
Not turn upon it a much longing eye?
And with the gates wide open would he say,
I love this gloom, and will not come away?

Agricultural.

BREAKING ROADS.

"Breaking Roads" in snow, is a business which the farmers of the northern section of the country are frequently obliged to perform. Were it not that this work is generally performed as a frolic, in which the whole neighborhood engage, it would be regarded as very laborious and a great burden. Formerly it was the practice to shovel a track through the deep drifts, and the travelled road was sometimes several feet lower than the snow on each side. But the objection to this was that the first snow storm or high wind filled up the road, and rendered it impassable till it was again dug out. The best course is found to be to avoid digging down as much as possible. Some narrow and deep drifts must be dug through to keep the road level, but the principal track is made by *pressing down* the snow. A couple of heavy timbers—round logs are best—are fastened together and held by a cross-bar, so as to represent the form of an A. They should be twelve to fifteen feet long each, and be spread at one end to the width of ten feet. A plank may be fastened, edgewise, along the top of each log, which will prevent the snow from falling over and filling the track as the timbers are dragged along. The concentrated strength of all the oxen and steers that can be brought together is to be applied to these timbers, which are to be drawn over the snow to form a road. Oxen are better than horses for this purpose, and will work through deep snow where horses would stick fast. Rather light cattle, if handy, should

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FRESH VS. DECAYED MANURE.

...

NEST EGGS.

...

BLOATED CATTLE.

...

MORE PROOFS.
"THE CRY IS STILL, THEY COME."

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

...

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS!